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From the faculty

TO THE S.C. STUDENTS REGISTERING FOR CLASS NO. III IN WORLD WAR

We, the English faculty of Seattle College, are at last ready after these two and a half years' preparation, to promote another class from comp to camp.

The predominate tone in this, our farewell lecture, may be expressed in a new and improved definition of a heretofore indefinite term: "Now on" is the name of a first sergeant, a camp, or a secret weapon.

It is with a positive decree of thanksgiving that we consider the fine first drafts which we have trained you to write in preparation for this final draft now called for by your country.

We feel that as a whole, you are a well constructed article of war; we have certainly drilled into your minds that restrictive element of rules and regulations which constitutes the most explicated part of military life. You have heard the orders on selecting a limited subject and an effective title shouted in such an active

voice, that you will all apply for the position of "Soldier To End All Soldiers" and the social status of cannon fodder. You will logically analyze your subject (see "Soldier, etc.") until you are convinced that this is the phase of life which you can capably handle. You will then concentrate on making the outline for your ? months' sojourn in the military class, taking care this time to include the conclusion. You will finally be ready to begin your theme of war with the "special device" of K.P. for a beginning sentence.

In developing this theme, you must remember to apportion out the ?? months' space to include topics like night watches, forced marches and close order drill. We repeat the necessity of writing in terms of constant tense, rank person, subjective mood, and number coming up.

Thus we, the English faculty of Seattle College, directly address you with these fond farewells. We are certain that these directions plus the recently improved classroom technique employing atomic gadgets, will enable you to perform the ultimate and split infinity.

EXTRA!



EXTRA!

VOLUME XV

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1948

No. 17

SENATE PASSES DRAFT

THE STUDENT OBSERVER

By GORGE ANDERSON

(The opinions expressed in this column necessarily reflect the opinion of the editor, Spectator, and author.)

K.K.K. Revealed

The true facts on Tyrone Shmoe have finally come to the surface. We feel it is time the student body was informed of his subversive activities in order to put an end to further Shmoe capers.

Shmoe is the last holdover from the K.K.K. regime! On the surface his only present authority at Seattle College is the chairmanship of the worm committee of the Fishing Guild. Shmoe's activities, however, are more extensive than meets the eye.

Investigation Bared

We see that 12 of the students of S.C. are trying to take over student government and dictate the policy of our duly elected officers. A private investigation made by your reporter reveals that these self-appointed apostles are working in direct conjunction with that arch-fiend of clique-control, Tyrone Shmoe.

Students, Beware!!!

Wake up, Seattle College!!! Wake up, students! We must not lie quietly and watch our glorious school insidiously degenerated by these usurpers of our natal rights.

Our private investigation reveals that the motive behind Shmoe and his 12 associates' actions is not only to satisfy their will to power, but also to have direct control of the student treasury. There are other motives; all strong reasons for us to resist the Shmoe movement. If we realized the

(Continued on Page Four)

Testing Dept. Will Reappraise Exam

The testing bureau recently announced that results on the preliminary composition tests have not been working out as per expectations. Two students with 3.7 grade point averages from local high schools failed to pass the examination with better than 55%, and the English department is considering making up a new test which would weed out only those students who are not ready for Composition 1.

Mr. J. Arthur Olmer, head of the English department, could not be reached for comment on the rumor that both he and Mr. Barnaud had failed miserably on their first try at the questions. Mr. Olmer, according to the story, succeeded in making a passing mark on the second attempt, but Mr. Barnaud failed again. "I am from Boston," he said.

MAN SHORTAGE STRIKES AWSSC; TOLO PROBLEM

The Associated Women Students of Seattle College, which will shortly be changing its name so as to drop the superfluous word, "Women," will hold its annual Cotton Ball Tolo on Friday, April 23. According to tradition, the fellows get their bid from the ladies and sit back to be waited on, hand, foot, and pocket-book.

The departure of numerous men poses a serious problem but the prospect of re-returning veterans, on leave after "boot" training, brightens the picture by promising to augment available supplies of males. According to Co-Chairmen Kathleen Conroy and Gerry Kennard (see page three), contacts are being made with Seattle Prep, O'Dea, and Marymount, in hopes of interesting the students of these institutions in the gaiety of a Seattle College Tolo. The re-opening of the USO is also regarded as a possible source of partners.

Student Election Situation Changed With Conscription

As the time for the 1948-49 Student Body election draws near, there is much conjecture as to what the outcome will be. There have been political murmurings, up and down the halls, in the labs, over coffee in the Cave, and at alternate ends of the Arts Building, as to who will be the "sure" candidate for ASSC president.

There has been talk about all sorts of political deals, gentlemen's agreements, and blocs, but the over-all tone changed considerably this morning. The advent of a "return to uniform" of the men students has thrown the political dopesters into confusion.

The difficulty centers in the present constitutional requirement that the President be a male student. According to the report given the Spectator by Beverly McLucas, Chief Justice of the Judicial Board, an acting President is the only recourse.

For a male student to run for the office of Student Body President, he must have the intention of remaining at Seattle College for the term of office. However, no male College student of normal reason can justifiably have the intention of remaining in school in view of draft legislation, and, therefore, no male is eligible to be a candidate. As a result, there can be no male President for whom a woman student may act.

It is believed that the only just solution will come when the men re-return to College, or when the Judicial Board completes its course in Logic and can remove the Student Body from at least one of the horns of its dilemma.

The chairmen had planned on an up-and-coming "name band", but have since considered the advisability of contacting Phil Spitalny and his All-Girl Orchestra. The dance is tentatively scheduled for the Palladium, but is pending notification of how many high school "hot rods" will be available.

WASHINGTON SOLON PREDICTS LITTLE OPPOSITION IN HOUSE; ALL VETS RECALLED BY AUG. 1

In a stormy session highlighted by a third party filibuster attempt, the United States Senate this morning passed legislation which would recall all former servicemen back into the armed forces. The Senate roll call vote was 51 for, 39 against, 6 not voting.

Student enthusiasm mounted to fever pitch as news of the legislators' action reached Seattle. First to receive word at the College was Miss Lee Berube of the print shop, who heard the first flash over a local station at 8:19 P.S.T.

The first report, confirmed by later broadcasts, indicated only that the upper house had passed a version of the Corby-Johnstone Act. Full details were contained in the second report. The following provisions are embodied in the bill as passed by the Senate (see your daily paper for text of the bill):

1. All men between the ages of 18 and 25 are required to register before May 1 at places to be designated later.
2. Disability cases will be reviewed. No allowance will be made for previous service. All physically able men will be classified 1A, regardless of marital status or occupation.

Largest single demonstration on the campus took place in the Cave where patriotic veterans of World War II smashed the rabble-rousing record of the "Sabre Dance." On hearing the news, girls of the Experimental Cookery class tied their aprons tighter and prepared to "man the Cave" as the bus boys talked of returning to K.P. in the Army.

Sociology I class dismissed at 9:13 as men responded to their "fight or flight" instinct and flew to recruiting offices down town where they signed up to fight. Girls of the same class rolled up the sleeves of their Gibson Girl blouses and prepared to let their "will to power" run rampant as responsibility for managing student activities again devolves upon them.

Reluctance to return to the services was manifest only among ex-officers. One group pleaded to be

delivered from the gruelling prospect of returning to "desk life and brass parties." A number of others were taken by ambulance to Providence Hospital with attacks of gunophobia, where the condition of one was pronounced serious.

In direct contrast to this group was the attitude of a band of veterans of three years' service in the Pacific. A spokesman for this party was heard to say, "This is what we've been waiting for—a chance to return to the coral beaches and waving palms of the South Sea lands we love so well." None of these men ranked higher than Pfc. or S. 3/c., and their happy faces reflected the joy rising within them at the prospect of "getting in there again and slugging it out."

MENDEL CLUB HEARS NOTED MEDICAL MAN

The Mendel Club got around to meeting the other day. As usual, the session opened with the recitation by the members of the Hippocritical Oath, a form of innocent imprecation well known to students of Greek. The business part of the meeting was dispensed with, except for a resolution to hold meetings bi-monthly in the future, instead of semi-weekly.

Then came the important part of the meeting. Speaker for the evening was Dr. Morris Fishhook, well-known head of the AMA (Association of Morbid Artificers). In an effort to make Dr. Fishhook feel at home, John Glassy, president of the club, presented him with a fish (squalus acanthias to the initiated). Appropriately, the fish presented the visitor with a Glassy stare.

After the meeting the club adjourned, as usual.

THE PEEKER

The Peeker, the official publication of the Associated Students of The Sunshine and Wealth, will be published whenever there's enough copy.

This issue was proofread by Gamma Sigma Alpha (publications honorary).

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

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PhotographyTyro Shmoe
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LETTERS the EDITOR

NEVER DARED PRINT BEFORE
Dear Editor,

I'm a new freshman newly arrived from Snohomish High School. Why is it no fellows have asked me out? I'm pretty and a wonderful dancer. If no fellows don't ask me out soon I'll go back to Snohomish and finish high school.

—DENISE AMOUR.

(Ed. Note: Don't be half-safe.)

To the Spec Ed.,

Lately cranks have been writin' you demandin' silence in the library. As an engineering major, I protest! How will we ever get our problems done? Where will we meet our pals? Where will we eat our sandwiches?

—SQUARE ROOTS, JR.

(Ed. Note: Have you tried the biology labs?)

Dear Ed,

I have been waiting in line at the bookstore for a total of 271½ hours. Do you think I'll get there soon?

—FOREVER HARRY.

(Ed. Note: Not tonight, Harry.)

Dear Boss:

I would like to report that Father Nichols has bawled me out for digging up his crocuses in quest of worms for my committee of the Fishing Guild of which I'm the big shot and ...

—TYRONE SHMOE.

(Ed. Note: Play it straight. You've already got two columns.)

Love

. . . It's So Terrific

For I have loved but one
As any fool can plainly see;
He's handsome as a movie star,
He has a wit like me.

We go around together
As we have done for ages,
He loves the things I love,
We're closer than two pages.

For I have loved but one
As any fool can plainly see;
And that one
he's me.

—E. R.

"For the lift that never
lets you down."

Acme Balloon Company
(with Helium)

Saluting . . .



Tyrone Shmoe

By CRANK SCARRETT

"Seattle College is one of my most favorite institutions," announced Tyrone Shmoe, Zoology pre-major, polishing his left contact lens with a second-hand Kleenex.

"I was born here, you know (Seattle, that is) and Momma and Dad had to evacuate during the Great Seattle Fire and I got four toes burnt off my right foot.

We waited patiently while Tyrone stripped a boot and two socks from his right foot. The four remaining toes looked perfectly normal except that they were all the same size and the toenails curled under slightly.

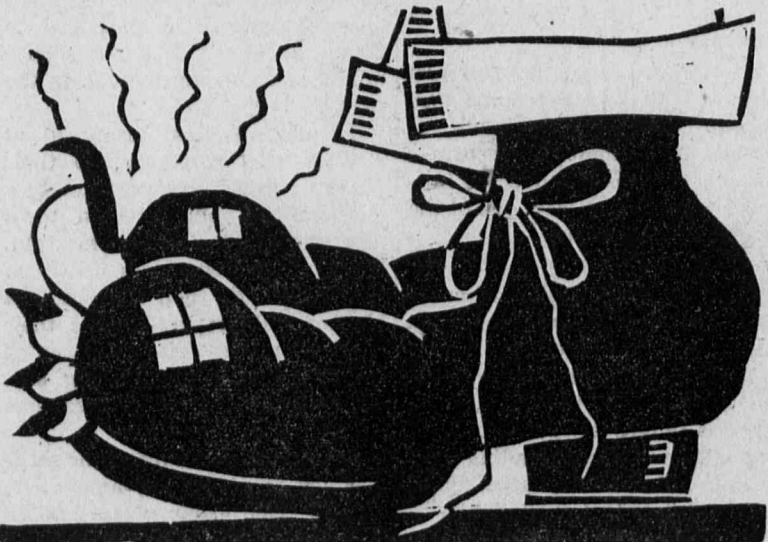
"That's almost the worst accident I ever had, and one time I got my arm caught in the locker and I forgot the combination and my locker partner had the D.T.'s and didn't come to school for three days . . . and I sure got hungry."

Tyrone first saw the light of day in the Seattle General Hospital. He was the fourth blessed event to befall the Shmoe household. The first three "children" had been purchased by the biology departments of three well known universities. Ty used to visit his older brother every Saturday morning when there were no classes. He would wave affectionately at the giggling, hairy figure inside the little wire cage. He often asked his mother why they called his brother "Genus X," when everyone knew his name was Humphrey. Mr. Shmoe wept bitterly when they took his next begotten child away. Pickling is such a waste of good alcohol.

But such a fate was not in store for Tyrone; he was destined for greater things. Life magazine did a four-page spread on him under "Natural History." The New York Times wrote an editorial entitled, "Bring On Your Atom Bombs," and Tyrone's name was mentioned twice. Unfortunately, Al Capp had to disqualify him from the Lena The Hyena contest on the grounds that photographs weren't acceptable and that he suspected that Tyrone was just "Too (sob!) terrifyin'!"

When asked who his favorite teacher is, Ty grinned and bit off the tip of his nose with his lower teeth.

"Dr. Werby, without a doubt, and she's really swell, but



The Come-On Touch

By TOBY and CATNIP GLUBBONS

To say the least, we were pleasantly surprised at the news released by the front office yesterday that the quarter will end a week earlier than scheduled, in honor of the new president. Not the least of our joy was caused, of course, by the annotation explaining that the change will necessitate the dropping of final examinations. This is almost too much.

* * *

The history class is still laughing over the conversation that took place last week between Fr. Nichols and an unusually precocious student.

* * *

OPEN LETTER TO THE BIOLOGY DEPARTMENT:

Why must you take the lowly cat
And leave him empty and bereft?
For, take away his skin and bones
And what, pray tell, has he gut left?
Just let him make his presence known
And out come lab techs making beelines.
You'd almost think they didn't know
That even pussycats have felines.
(And if THEY don't know it, who should?)

* * *

The lunchtime rush at the Chieftain is always a sure-fire locale for picking up items worth passing on to our readers. Unfortunately for our readers, we eat lunch in the Spec office. And by the way, mother, we're getting damn sick of peanut butter.

* * *

It was a challenge to test the ingenuity of the most stalwart that faced the S.C. skiers a couple of Sundays ago, when the truck, after virtually plowing its way up the tortuous mountain road, was met half a mile from its destination by the disheartening ultimatum that all cars except those with chains would have to turn back. Here is the pay-off: The S.C. truck, being equipped with chains, proceeded without delay.

* * *

ODE ON THE BLESSINGS OF LIVING IN WASHINGTON

(Or: Our Life and Hard Times)
To really get to know our scenery
Is to live behind a beanery.

* * *

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

A new student, upon finding himself locked out of Mr. LaCugna's labor class, pulled himself up to his full 5 feet 10, squared his shoulders, and announced to standers-by, "My goodness, I seem to be locked out of Mr. LaCugna's labor class."

of course I did get pretty mad when she tried to shove me in the tank with all those cats. I smelt like formaldehyde for days."

"Father Schmid is also my favorite too, and I like him so well I gave him part of my right ear to look at under the microscope and he says he found both plant and animal cells and he says I'm a little unusual."

His other interests beside biology are women. His parents try to encourage him to go out with girls, since he's getting up in years and is bruising his knees on his crib bars.

"I get awful discouraged, because at one dance I went to, everybody kept askin' if it was a Mendel Club initiation."

We told Ty we had heard about his appointment in the Fishing Guild.

"Yeah, they chose me as chairman of the worm committee, and with me in charge they won't have to buy any shovels."

Suddenly Tyrone's eyes began to glow, singeing his eyelashes.

"And don't you ask me about the draft, because when Wallace becomes president they won't need no draft 'cause Mr. Wallace will protect us common men."

We left our own Tyrone as Fr. Schmid approached wearing a wild smile and carrying a small can of chloroform.

We went to the Cave and ordered a cup of black, black coffee.

Editorial

If Winter Comes . . .

Cows are versatile people! They make shoes, notebook covers, milk, Jello, and steaks. We love cows because they make hamburgers as only a cow cud. They have lovely cow eyes which very few other people have.

Cows are nice.

And then came the strikes. No longer could we admire our cow friend with a dash of Worcestershire sauce and smothered with onions and mushrooms. No longer could our mouths water at the sound of a lonely cow baying at the moon. (The animal is a dog . . . but cow sounds more appetizing—don't you think?) There were a lot of pigs around, so the government said: "Eat pig". . . so we left one friend for another: the lowly swine.

Now, pigs are not as romantic as cows. They live in the mud and rarely get their pictures on labels such as cows do on condensed milk cans. Even their bristles are not used any more by toothbrush companies. Pigs do not have pretty teeth like cows. We do not like pigs. Pigs are not soft, like sheep.

Sheep are pretty. They make sweaters and Mulligan stew. Baby sheep are what Mary had a little. They make awfully pretty pastoral scenes, especially when they are in the pasture. They also make clothes for people to be wolves in.

And then there's the horse . . .
Vegetarians are healthy people.

NEW LAW HITS COLLEGE SPORTS

Timid Talk

By BUM CUES

S.C. ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT SLEEPS

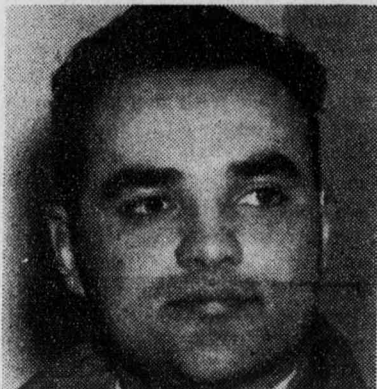
The Seattle Professional Basketball organization is reportedly backing a 5,000-seat athletic plant for this city, which would mean that the Athletics would never return to our gym. Also that Seattle College could no longer boast of having the third-largest basketball plant in the city. This writer wonders why the College isn't planning to meet the new competition with a 10,000-seat athletic plant. Gazooks, who sleeps?

ATTENTION, MR. YANDLE

Reports have it that you failed to attend the N.C.A.A. basketball playoffs in New York last week. Why was this bet overlooked? This writer has inside information that Ralph Beard of the Kentucky Wildcats is dissatisfied with things at the Southern school. No competition. It looks like a good bet to me, and one that was overlooked by those who should be most interested. Hmm?

GET THIS, STUDENTS

As students of Seattle College, you must demand that the welfare of all those who attend the College be considered. This bet has certainly been overlooked by the student officers. How many times have you stood before the new S.C. gym and wondered which door was open and which was not? And of that number, how many times have you walked clear to one end of that colossal structure and found—a locked door. As students of Seattle College, demand your rights. This



scribe would suggest the installation of a neon sign in the center of the outer wall of the gym facing the upper campus. An arrow pointing to both doors would suffice; the arrow of the unlocked door would light up. Exert your rights, sports enthusiasts. This is an issue that cannot be overlooked. A locked door is no door at all!

AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. WILLARD FENTON

This writer believes that the State High School Basketball Tournament held recently at the University of Washington Pavilion (Edmundson Pavilion) would have afforded someone a good chance to see next year's college hopefuls. It might not have been amiss to view a couple of the games to see what the state high schools had to offer. Was this bet overlooked?

INDIAN LORE

ATTENTION! UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON HUSKIES! The proposed draft law may mean the difference between having a championship team or a dub squad next year. Do you want another Kansas City berth or not? . . . Assorted comments and replies were given by the staff concerning the emergency made by the draft. Locker chatter might lead one to believe that the top of Mount Rainier may become overcrowded . . . Ed Monroe, assistant basketball manager, expressed the hope that he would be able to go back in with his former captain's rating . . . Norm Willis and Dave Blakley both expressed the fervent wish that the "good old U. S." would come out victorious, as they slipped into their packboards, strapped on their skis and slid off into the wilderness . . . Rumors have it that Notre Dame will beat Washington in football next year . . . could be, because Howie Odell uses a T-formation and Leahy knows it. . . **NOTE: Athletic Department—**a couple of the city high schools' leading casaba scorers were seen glancing at the Seattle College campus as they passed on the Madrona trolley last week. This kind of interest should not be discouraged. Did you catch them, Mr. Fenton? . . . It is reported that Merrill Merritt may be back next year . . . Garfield's "Pete" Swineburg, upknown at Seattle College, failed to make the all-school chess team at the local high school . . . Because of the lack of ice, high schools of Memphis have initiated a floor hockey league . . . We suspect that one reason why Georgia's football teams came out so well last fall was because Georgia Tech's head coach has a wife who plays contract bridge on alternate Thursdays. But word of it has begun to leak out.

Bon Voyage

By SYLY BENTON

This is the story of a man, the man in Seattle College probably hardest hit by the surprise action of the Senate. His name is Leonard Yandle. He it was who coached the now-hot, now-cold Chieftains through their first year of big-time competition. He it was who played each minute with them, fought each moment of every game as hard as the team. What of him now?

This morning Dick Coe, stalwart manager of College teams, brought in the news straight from the leased wires of United Press: draft, emergency, shortages looming . . . not of butter only.

Coach Yandle, studying some plays for his next year's basketball team, was humming a snatch of the Toreador song from "Carmen" as he entered his office. He looked up brightly as Dick strode across the room. "Well, well, my little man," he said.

Dick's heart froze within him. Could he do this thing? Well, Dick told him . . . Coach Yandle slumped in his three-legged, revolving, underslung desk chair and muttered as he received the news, "War is Hec." Father Logan, who was also in the room, agreed and stood silent, looking out at the women's basketball game below.

Thoughts began to creep through the coach's mind. The chance to revenge the Gonzaga defeats was gone. The St. Martin's Rangers could boast that they had beat the Chiefs last time they'd played. The Hawaiians would never return to Seattle, the Pilots would stay away, S.P.C. would win by staggering scores.

Yandle's face was very stern and straight as he pulled the desk drawer open slightly. Father Logan and young Coe had tiptoed away to leave him alone with his sorrow. The light shone in through the venetian blinds and reflected on the smooth handle of a .45 caliber pistol. His hand clutched the black piece of metal as beads of

(Continued on Page Four)

Lack Of Interest Forces College To Drop Track Squad

The track team meeting held last Tuesday evening in Room 212 of the Liberal Arts Building was dismissed early without any business having been accomplished. Lack of interest was given as the primary reason for failure to complete anything positive. The coach testily expressed the view that track would probably be dropped as a major sport at S. C. unless greater interest is shown. Since besides Father Logan, to whom a personal invitation had been extended by the Coach himself, there was no one else in attendance, the Coach addressed most of his remarks directly to Father Logan.

(Continued on Page Four)

RUMOR ABROAD THAT KENNARD WILL REPLACE PRESENT MAN AS HEAD OF ATHLETIC DEPT.

Coach Len Yandle, head of the College Athletic Department, has let sources close to him know that, in the emergency, he expects to be called back into the United States Navy. If this takes place, because of the sudden importance of women's sports, Jerry Kennard will probably get the call to head the Chieftain athletic program. Although her experience in intercollegiate sports is limited, her ability to handle women has been pronounced remarkable by unbiased observers.



MISS GERALDINE KENNARD

In a recent interview with a Spectator representative, Miss Kennard expressed the feeling of most of her sex at their sudden rise to power, when she implied that she would be happy to get back into the driver's seat. She said in part, "The women of America are proud to be capable of resuming where we left off when peace returned the men. We should be, and are, willing to replace the men in the field of athletics. In discussing the question of football at Seattle College, yes or no, Jerry expressed hope. 'Football is by no means an impossibility for a women's athletic program. With the probable discontinuation of intercollegiate sports at the University, their football stadium will probably be available for our team's use. Stock phrases, such as 'pigskin' and 'coffin corner' must be changed. And I personally can't abide the clipping ruling. The penalty is much too harsh. Girls will be girls. Due to our common enemy, obviously the left wing attack will have to be dropped. But these things can all be ironed out in the wash.'

In a word of advice to prospective candidates for the gridiron sport, Coach Kennard urged regular diets and strenuous exercise. She said, "As yet I have seen no advantage of Wheaties over Corn Flakes. They are both good whole-grain corn cereals, containing increased amounts of Vitamin B₁ and niacin."

Kennard scored the automatic washers as detrimental to the health of American womanhood. "Hand laundry is the best arm conditioner known," growled the coach. She is a staunch believer in the possibilities of the straight-arm, and mentioned that a job as riveter or butcher during the summer months would be helpful to any backfield prospects. "It's good conditioning for shaking off the arms of opposing tacklers," she said. It is obvious that the coach knows her football.

On basketball, Coach Kennard is equally well versed, having spent a number of years at the sport. Regarding the casaba activity, she stated with considerable

(Continued on Page Four)

LET'S SCHUSS IT or, "Shall We Waltz This One?"

Hello, you snowbirds and schuss-boomers and snowflinders and skimen and I hope that takes in you all. I'm dead tired from a hard day on the slopes yesterday, marking my sitz. Here it is, all the dope from all the ski areas.

CHAIN GANG

O.K., you snowbunnies, and I do mean you, Paul Pieper, you great big Chieftain skier, you. This is the week-end to cut down on traffic accidents on the way to and from the slopes. Here's a tip. Put the chains on your car in June, as I do, and you won't be caught the following March without chains.

Your team (ski, that is, ha ha) has got to be supported, students, and we aren't exactly planning to let you forget it. Why, one of the Chieftain snowflinders, who is also a track man, is being forced to use his ski pole for pole vaulting. He put so much of his own mazuma into skiing this winter that he can't afford to outfit himself properly for the spring sport.

TAKE A CHANCE ON A "CAD"

The skimen will soon be re-leasing raffle tickets on a Cadillac at ten dollars a chance, the draw-

(Continued on Page Four)

As you look at that moon up there tonight, round and full and almost unbearably beautiful, you remember another night, two summers ago, a night much like this one, yet in a certain way, so different. For that was the night you met HIM. It was on the second evening of your stay at Yellowstone. The setting was perfect: The moonlight, the breathless stillness, the haunting scent of the woods at night, even the expectant pounding of your own pulsating heart. One thing alone was lacking; and then HE appeared.

Standing motionless, watching him approach leisurely across the clearing, you couldn't help but notice the things that every girl notices on just such an occasion: the suppleness of his movements; the way the moonlight highlighted the contours of his face, the chestnut sleekness of his hair; the instinctive ease with which he picked you out of the shadows that held you engulfed. This was IT; this was the moment about which you had dreamed, for which you had prepared ever since your arrival; yes, and perhaps even before. Your spine tingled in an agony of suspense as you saw yourself gathered into his arms, crushed against that magnificent chest. There was no need to doubt; it was you he desired. All that mattered now was whether he would find in you the things he was looking for. Suddenly heaven seemed very, very close.

And then it happened. With a resounding WHANG! your Little Brownie Bear Trap sprang, and he was stopped dead in his tracks—the biggest, bloodiest bear abroad in Yellowstone that year. You were a heroine, remember? And what was more, you were alive. That was when you made up your mind that never again would you be caught without a Little Brownie Bear Trap in your purse or traveling bag.

Little Brownie Bear Traps Are Sold at Hardware and Cosmetic Counters Everywhere

He used to call me "Scatter Locks". . . now he calls me "Baldy."

Just one of the many jobs done well . . . by the new ELECTROLUX

Students:

DO YOU HAVE A PROBLEM?

Are you, like other Americans, wondering how we can prevent a war with Russia?

Are you looking for a way to avoid the next draft?

Are you disturbed by the declining birth rate?

Does the problem of baby-sitters keep you up nights?

Your worries are over; ask any satisfied housewife:

DUZ Does Everything

Student Observer

(Continued from Page One)

full implication of the growing smugness and power of Shmoe and his committee, we would probably wither and wilt in horror.

Faculty, Beware!!!

Faculty, beware!!! The power which the Shmoe group has reached and is reaching, infringes on the previously exclusive right of egotistical college professors. Shmoe's group has already succeeded in effecting a change in the top administration of Seattle College—i.e., the dismissal of Fr. Small. There are now 13 chairs in the luxurious but unpretentious president's office.

Nation, Beware!!

From these modest beginnings Shmoe and his thugs may eventually take over control of the nation. It is rumored that they are the real brains behind the "Art Mack-er for President" movement.

Our investigation shows that the Shmoe mobsters put over the new Corby-Johnstone bill. Their motives for having this law passed are obvious. By having all the men in the country sent to the South Sea Islands, there will be very little opposition to Shmoe and his henchmen taking over the key positions in the U. S. government.

World, Beware!!!

Following the same procedure in all the nations of the world will soon give the Shmoemen control of the entire universe.

Stop Shmoe!!!

So we appeal to you, fellow students of S.C., let's nip Shmoe and the Committee of 12 in the bud. **STOP SHMOE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!!!**

Track Team

(Continued from Page Three)

"With no more material than we have here we cannot possibly put out a winning cinder squad. A turnout like this is certainly ungratifying to a fellow who has just left family and friends to come down here for a session with the boys. Has this school no track men with the spirit and the will to win firing their blood to a throbbing beat strong enough to bring them to this meeting tonight?"

With this, Yandle turned out the lights and, followed by a sympathetic Father Logan, strode out of Room 212, a broken and beaten man.

★

In passing may we note correction of an error made in last week's Spectator. An announcement of the time for the track team meeting should have been 7 o'clock instead of 9 o'clock.

Law Hits Sports

(Continued from Page Three)

force, "Next year's squad will be fighting mad to revenge this year's loss at the hands of the Holy Rosary sophomore class."

The Coach seems confident that she will be able to replace last season's first team. "We have several ex-Wacs who can certainly replace Willis and Blakley. We'll try Shirley Yandle in Spiedel's shoes. Spangler's shoes will be hard to fill, there's no doubt about it." Hedequist, King, Cummins and Hermesen all present special problems to Coach Kennard, but replacing Hanning really has her worried. She has been unable to locate a girl who can hold a basketball in each hand at the same time.

In the field of baseball a few more problems arise which must be solved before the S.C. machine can roll. Some of them are: Whether new uniforms should be purchased or the old ones cut down; if caps should be uniform or if each young lady will be allowed to choose her own chapeau. Until these difficulties have been thrashed out, the new mentor refuses to say anything for publication regarding the sport.

The Students Speak

By MISS QUOTE

The question: "What is your position on the Corby-Johnstone Draft Act just passed by the Senate?"

Jack Erickssen (Soph.—Baby-Sitting). "The same patriotic way that every able-bodied veteran does, naturally. Let's get behind 'Dougout Doug' for president."

Ruth Hindenberger (Junior — Ex-Wac): "I'm willing to serve again if 'Doug' is elected. I'd follow that man to the end of the earth—or any man."

Mike Hunt (Junior — Pre-Minor): "Take your hands off me, coppers. I was at home when the whole thing happened."

Merc Siderius (Senior — Social Evils): "I'm no longer one of the interested few."

George Rourke (Post-grad.): "I'll go if I can take my Teddy bear."

Bernie Miller ("School—Ugh!"): "I chanced to break down my arches while hiking with the Hiyus. Yak! Yak! Yak!"

Louis Flynn (Junior — Verbs): "Cor-by, or not Cor-by, that is the question."

Norm Reynolds (Junior—barely Civil Engineering): "Over hill, over dale, we will hit the dusty trail. Them's the sentiments of all ex-Marines."

Bob Allen (Soph.—ex-Marine): "Semper Fidelis. I agree 10 per cent with the idea Reynolds is trying to get across."

Roscoe Balch (Post-grad. — Econ): "Yes, I do. But the Bohemian life at Seattle College could be improved if Strauss waltzes by the Budapest String Quartet were played in the Cave."

Barrett Johnston (Junior — Chem.): "How patriotic can you get?"

Jim Jacobson (Junior — Great Books): "The natural end of man is perfect happiness. But everybody in the Army is perfectly happy. Ergo: — When philosophy

fails a man, what's he got left?"

Father McGuigan (Post-post grad): "The VFW needs me here."

Bert Goodman (Soph.—Educated): "Draft bill? My head hurts and I see spots. Somebody lead me to a chair. I feel another one of my attacks coming on."

Bud Hellner (Senior—History): "If all the mellow roonies and McVouts will organize we might beat Petrillo."

Charles LaCugna (Always learning): "My comment will be ready soon. Eleven men, each carrying five brochures, have left the State Department in Washington, D.C., and are even now speeding toward Seattle College. One man's name is upon all their lips, 'LaCugna'."

Dick Jasper (Post-grad—Educ.): "What ever happened to the old Astaire-Rogers act?"

John Snell (Frosh—Pre-Med.): "All I know about this Act is, we wouldn't have it around if Wallace was president. Also don't forget to vote 'yes' in November on 'liquor by the drink'."

Let's Schuss It

(Continued from Page Three)

ing to take place sometime. You rich College lads and lassies, who line your shoes with the long green, can certainly afford a chance or two. And here's a real bargain. They're going at three for twenty-five dollars to anyone who can show three bruises between wrist and elbow from falling off the ski tow at Stevens Pass.

SNOW BALLS

Mollie Abrams is one of the few S. C. femmes who, besides having red hair, is also quite a snowbird. . . . Snowbunny John Floyd may look snazzy in his new navy blue parka, but is that enough? . . . I have not yet mentioned Marge Carlisle's name in this column, so I do now. . . Chief-tain schussboomers attended a

ENGAGEMENTS

In the traditional manner of sorority women. Miss Trudie Hopper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Hopper, last evening announced her engagement to Mr. Heatherington Soot, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Soot of Kix Junction.

The 60 odd women of Miss Hopper's sorority, Gonna Top Far, were surprised between forkfuls of baked beans by the appearance of Miss Shirley Wokkburger, Miss Hopper's best friend, with five pounds of chocolates. Miss Hopper, a former track star for the Poison Oak School for Girls, circled the table in 1:02.

For her announcement party, Miss Hopper chose an action-cut skirt, low shoes, and a white cotton shirtwaist, set off with a green tie. Her hair was sloped for speed and she wore no hat to cut wind resistance.

Miss Hopper is a graduate of the Poison Oak School for Girls and, while attending the University, was pledged to Plaster Board, women's activities honorary. She was also managing editor of the campus paper, "U-No". Her fiancé is president of Pusha Delta Bac civil engineering honorary.

The young couple expect to be married.

recent Mt. Baker meet. Let's have three cheers and a tiger for our boys—(clap-clap-clap). . . I went to Paradise Lodge last week met a man whose name you should all be familiar with. I've forgotten it for the moment, but may remember before I finish typing up this copy, so stick with me, you snow-fliers. . . Tangney (J.), and Crabtree are going steady with girls. I hate to be blunt about this, but I thought it best you know. . . . Question of the Week: Why do people think that all skiers are crazy? Ans.—Tell me, do you ride to school or do you bring your lunch? . . . That's schuss about it for now, ice icles, so I'll ski you in the funny papers.

"Me dot da Dingbat electro-cyanide cockroach eradicator. You dot da Dingbat electro-cyanide cockroach eradicator? Hmnnnnnn?"

(Paid advertisement.)

You'll arise—and sing with this **RECORD!**

It's "AIRIZAY" (Arise)—RCA Victor's new platter by Ray McKinley and his band

RAY MCKINLEY'S styling of the New Orleans ditty, "Airizay," is attracting lots of fans. If you ask Ray about it, he says: "I've found from long experience what style of music we do best—just as I've learned from experience that Camels suit my 'T-Zone' to a 'T.'"

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